

The Evening World

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CLOSING IN.

FOR the general public the indictment of twenty-one financiers formerly in the New Haven directorate on the charge of having conspired to monopolize commerce by their administration of the road, is further assurance that the law, though slow, does not forever withhold its hand from the rich and powerful.

For New Haven stockholders the action of the Federal Grand Jury has a more direct interest. It offers them promise that evidence more than ever convincing will fasten blame upon the men who wrecked their road and scattered their money.

The real owners of the New Haven road are not going to swallow the story that their millions "vanished into thin air." Chairman Elliott set out to locate a few of those millions. More are lying snug and safe—somebody knows where.

Criminal conspiracy to monopolize commerce is an offense against the laws of the United States. But, the New Haven conspirators once found, the hiding place of the missing millions is no mystery. Next comes restitution.

Nothing so formidable about the Massachusetts ballot. What it calls for is a few minutes' concentration and thought—both mighty good things to take into a voting booth.

THE SERIOUSNESS OF JOY RIDING.

A WARNING to joy riding chauffeurs to be posted in every garage in New York State has been issued by Secretary of State May. It is brief and to the point:

Any chauffeur or other person who without the consent of the owner shall take or cause to be taken from a garage, stable or other building or place an automobile or motor vehicle, and operate or drive, or cause the same to be operated or driven, for his own profit, use or purpose, steals the same and is guilty of larceny, and shall be punishable accordingly.—Section 1392A of the Penal Code.

The punishment may be imprisonment up to ten years.

Secretary May is right in believing that few people appreciate the seriousness of the usual first step leading to a joy ride. "How many chauffeurs realize that in order to steal a car they don't have to break into a garage to take the car out or even step into one they see standing in the street and ride away in it? How many ever think that simply running their employer's car even a single block out of the direct route from the house to the garage without the owner's consent makes them guilty of theft according to law?"

So far, good. Remind and restrain the chauffeur. Put the fear of the law into his many friends who hanker after auto rides and coax him to his downfall.

Put what about indulgent or indifferent owners who don't take the trouble to learn what becomes of their cars after they are through with them for the day? In how many cases of joy riding that end in arrest we read that the owner of the automobile refuses to prosecute his chauffeur.

Might it be that if the owner were made to share responsibility for trouble his car might cause at night his chauffeur would find fewer temptations?

The Rockefeller Foundation has found a task worthy of its colossal capacity for beneficence. Endowed with millions "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world," what can it better do than feed starving non-combatants in the most cruelly wronged and outraged nations that ever roused the sympathies of modern men?

WHO KNOWS?

PASCAL'S famous reflection that the difference of half an inch in the length of Cleopatra's nose might have changed the history of the world was more sentiment than psychophysics.

Not so the reasoning of a Philadelphia professor of osteopathy, who puts the blame for Europe's agony on a kink in the Kaiser's spine. A case of osteopathic lesion, argues the doctor, producing abnormal and terrific brain activity. Nor is the Kaiser's case unique:

"Napoleon was almost a hunchback. His great adversary, Wellington, always stood with one shoulder higher than the other. The Greeks said Alexander was lopsided. Pericles had a peculiarly shaped head and neck. Archimedes walked with a terrible stoop."

"Who knows but this malformation indicated osteopathic lesions which resulted in overstimulated brains in these and other equally famous instances?"

The idea is not new. A society in Paris has for years been accumulating data to prove that genius, unusual capacity or energy are invariably attended with asymmetry of head or face. In exceptionally brainy or active people the two sides of the head are markedly different—one ear higher than the other, jaw off level, nose or mouth deflected to one side.

Doctors say most of us are more or less out of drawing. Maybe if we got worse we'd be great.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It is believed that a lot of folks talk about economies who wouldn't know one if they stumbled over it.—*Minneapolis Sentinel.*

Accepting advice from a man one doesn't like is something like taking water off a log.—*Toledo Blade.*

Any one who talks loudly can get an audience for a little while, no matter what he says.

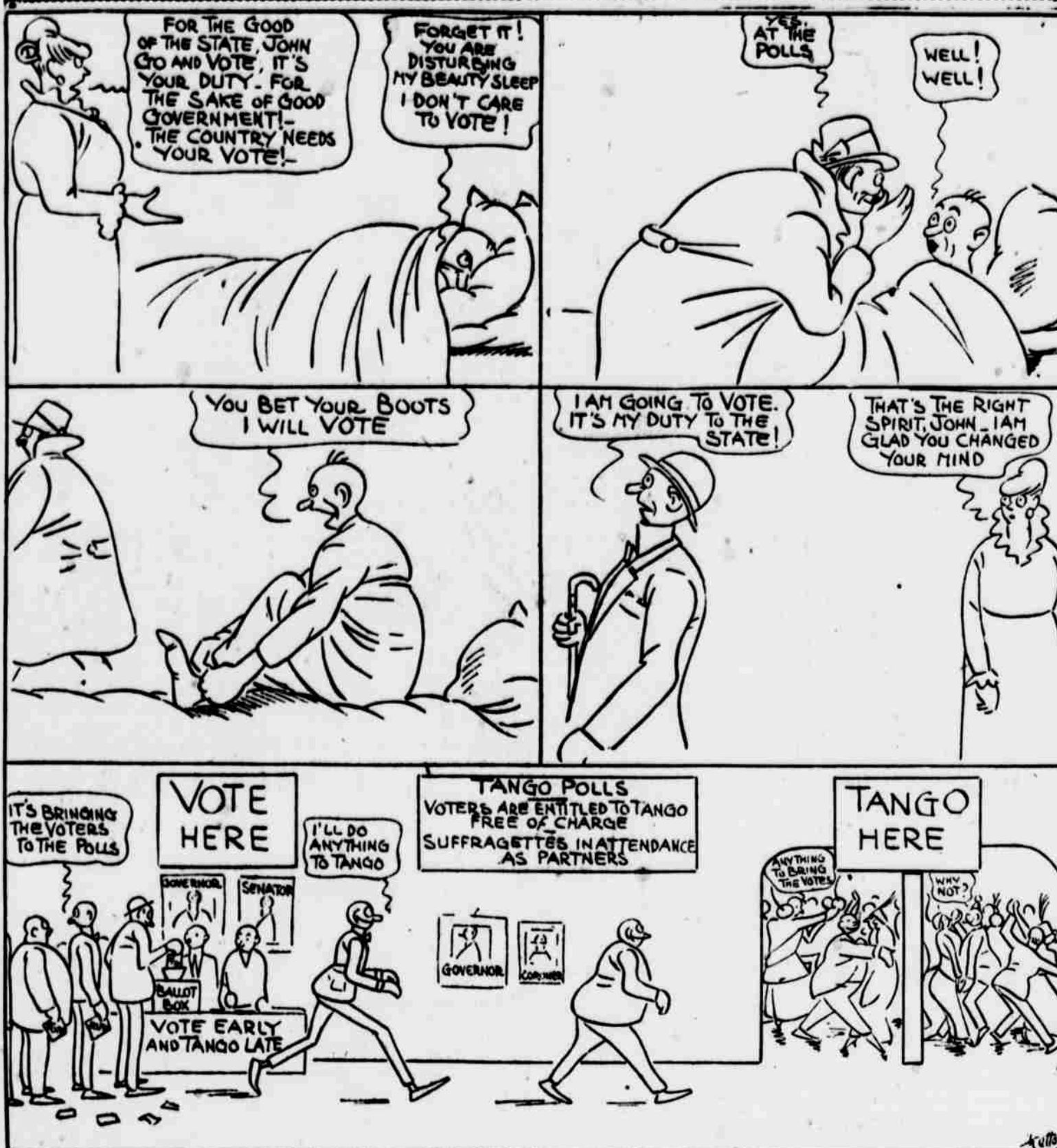
The police that a man really doesn't leave to others to give him a beating.—*Albany Journal.*

How much happier this world would be if every man who made a fortune were buried and not a woman.—*New Orleans States.*

Any one who means that the world is a better place than it is, is a fool.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I really should go home," faltered Mrs. Jarr. "Here I have come unexpectedly to Philadelphia in an automobile with just the clothes I'm wearing, and now you want me to go to Atlantic City."

"The rest will do you good, the rest and the quiet!" insisted Mrs. Blodger, while her daughters by her first marriage, the Cackleberry girls, both chimed, "Oh, please do, Mrs. Jarr!"

"Why, really, I have rested here, and it HAS been quiet," Mrs. Jarr argued.

This was true enough. It had been so quiet Mrs. Jarr would not have been able to get to sleep at all, except that a sawmill started operating about midnight and kept working till ten the next morning. That is, Mrs. Jarr thought it was a sawmill, but it really was the healthy baritone voice of Mr. Bernard Blodger, tired out after the day's incessant exertion of looking for work for his wife.

"Now don't you go worrying about Mr. Jarr and the children," Mrs. Blodger went on. "They'll be all right. Besides, you can go home from Atlantic City just as well as from here."

"But I miss them so!" Mrs. Jarr protested. "I have been in Philadelphia only two days, and it seems to me it has been weeks and weeks."

"Every day seems weeks and weeks in Philadelphia," grumbled young Mr. Blodger. "Dugun it! Only I married for a good home I wouldn't stay here. Only that I wasn't grasping, I might have gone to New York and married well."

"Maybe that's why you tried to borrow three dollars from me before we married, and when you boarded with me and owed me nineteen weeks' board—nineteen weeks, right up till we were married!" said Mrs. Blodger acidly.

"Well, I don't owe you nothing since then, do I?" asked Mr. Blodger with some asperity. "Only a boarder can owe his board."

"Oh, Bernard, my handsome darling, no!" cried Mrs. Blodger, sentimentally.

"Oh, Bernard, you make me sick," cried Miss Irene Cackleberry.

"Crush, crush child!" replied the mother.

"Well, I was saying," Mr. Blodger went on, turning to Mrs. Jarr, "that if you were married to me, you'd be married to me."

Mrs. Jarr Still Pines for Home, But That's All the Good It Does

to-day and she's going to treat us all to a little trip. And wouldn't it! It was Mr. Blodger's influence in politics that got her on the waiting list of marriageable ladies at the Old Soldiers' Home, and the superintendent telephoned to Bernard for us to bring out our lady friend, as old Sam Smunk couldn't last till morning.

"And, as it was, he was too far gone to be introduced to her. But for the telephone message she'd have been too late, and might have had to wait for another time. It's a little enough for her to pay our expenses—such friends—when the brave old hero died, leaving her to mourn his loss and to appeal to a grateful country by the skin of her teeth."

"Twenty-four dollars a month," murmured Mr. Blodger. "Why, any young man could live on twenty-four a month—if he lived in Camden."

Christmasing in November

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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It is the month before Christmas, and all through the town the salesfolks are anxious for you to come down.

The goods are all ready, and they'll show them with care; they hope you're considerate and soon will be there.

November is a boon for the early Christmas buyer. It is not a bit too soon to save countless salespeople and clerks the wear and tear on them that annually comes during December.

The truth is that everybody advocates early buying, but few actually do it. Procrastination is the chief of these hard-working people's time and energy, and each of us who put off our Christmas shopping adds that much to their burden.

Consideration is the key that has no duplicate.

Little woman, if your make-up is such that you naturally ponder and reflect before you purchase, then begin RIGHT NOW and have your look-around before it becomes late.

The patience and temper of the people who must serve you will not be sorely tried at THIS time as it will be when the rush is on.

If you will sum up how much you want to spend, and how much you wish to have, you will find that you will not be so sure of your ground when the rush is on.

Those long talked-of moving platforms for the streets of New York soon will be a positive necessity. It is predicted that the caravans soon will reach their shoe-tops.

The trouble about having a nice, cozy grate fire in your home is that when a fellow ruminatively stares at the blaze for as much as four minutes at a stretch without saying anything, his wife is bound to accuse him of not loving her any more or else demand to know what other woman he is thinking about.

Recently we visited a military club without seeing a single upturned nose; where, three months or so ago, there had been scores of them.

By careful deliberation, such heartaches may be averted and at the same time the nerve-wrecking care of the Christmas period may be lifted.

Let these self-same "spugs" who do not give any Christmas gifts, so as to create a similar spirit in friends.

Let these self-same "spugs" often not off buying their new winter hats.

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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M Y Daughter, hearken unto the Litany of Fifth Avenue which the Cynic chanteth in his heart:

Oh, Providence, be merciful and deliver us from the Freaks and Follies that offend our sight on the highways of Babylon.

From Bored and Bounded and women in blue serge dresses with black satin sleeves, oh, spare us!

For it hath come to pass that a man cannot distinguish one dandy from another, nor a debutante from a grandmother, nor his own wife from another man's, since all are clad in the "uniform" of sixteen and seek to appear as "squabs."

Yes, they are SO girlish!

From women with whitewashed faces and carmine smiles, from men in checked suits and white spats, oh, set us free.

From Tea Dances where the too-much-married diaphanous ennuil, where the debutante sipeth cocktails from a teacup, where the hired partner flattereth old ladies and flirteth with young ones, and where impatient babes in men's clothing pose as blasé rounders, now deliver us! For they are all fooling themselves, but NOT each other!

From women who carry "sleeve-dogs" and "windows" in white crepe picture hats, oh, spare us.

For how shall a man preserve his illusions concerning a Sex that taketh itself as a Joke and arrayeth itself as a Comic Supplement?

From the artificial rose upon the left shoulder and the artificial rose upon the cheek; from thin-necked women in décolleté and fat-necked women in Medici frills; from all women in white stockings and black shoes, deliver us.

From the black velvet neck ribbon, the fish hook curl and the court plaster patch, oh, let us out!

From old gentlemen who wear pink boutonnières and ogle the Sweet Young Thing; from old ladies who dangle Tame Cats and talk baby talk; from schoolgirls in long black earrings and false hair;

From married "bachelors" and men who make love at first sight; from yesterday's violets and solied white gloves; from sleeveless white gowns; from embalmed beauty, canned youth and preserved figures; from near-society, imitation love and cubist complexions; from tangottis, neuritis and divorcitis, oh, heaven deliver us!

Verily, verily, in all the world there is naught else like unto IT; neither anything so obvious nor so sophisticated, so humorous nor so dazling, so shocking nor so beautiful, so foolish nor so FASCINATING!

Then lead me to Washington Square or bury me in Jersey that I may avoid its snares and escape its madness.

For hay fever may be cured and love-sickness shall in time pass away, but New Yorkitis is a chronic Disease!

Solah.

Chapters from a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER VII.
HARRY and Fanny Eberhardt tried to be kind, but remembering Harry's remarks about Jack's gambling propensities and the atmosphere in which they lived—the one I had courted I kept away from them as much as possible. This was made easier as Nell lived on a quiet, unfashionable street some distance from them and from our old home.

One morning a telegram was sent me from the office. Mr. Flann closed it in a kind little note from himself, saying he also had had a message and that he hoped soon to have a position for me.

I opened the wire with fear and trembling. Could it be that Jack had decided to commute with me?

No! It was from Janet.

"Mother died this morning," was all she said.

I called Mr. Flann up on the telephone and thanked him for forwarding the message, and for his note.

"They said nothing of when she was to be buried," I told him.

"Would you like to go with me?" I asked.

"No, thank you," I said. "I don't believe I could stand it. I know that."

"I don't believe I could stand it," I said. "I know that."

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